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UNFORGOTTEN.

SWEET Lady mine, the faded rose
Is often dearer than the flower
Fresh gathered; so each memory grows
More precious since the parting hour;
And all Love's artist-hand can give
Of glowing tint and tender shade
Is with me, that your face may live
In colors that can never fade.

And still my fancy paints you near,
Though all the room is lone and bare;
And oft at eventide I hear
Your phantom footstep on the stair;
A presence in the gathering gloom
Thrills all my pulses with delight,
And seems to glorify the room
With loveliness denied my sight.

And little rock I that long miles
Of smiling lands and foamy sea
Divide us; love at distance smiles,
And holds the willing winds in fee;
And every wind that racks the clouds,
Or gently moulds them in the blue,
Bears love-thoughts in tumultuous crowds,
Or softly wafts a prayer for you.

CLARA HOWARD.

AN INSTANCE OF BLINDNESS.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

I HAD been on a professional visit to an old patient who had left our busy, bustling city of L—— for country air and repose. The distance from the city made it rather inconvenient for me to pay the call, as the trains would not time to suit me, and I was obliged to stay over night at my friend's house; but old attachment, a great interest in the case, and a decided liking for a breath of country air now and then, all urged me to obey his summons, and I had gone three days before the date when my story opens. I found him very ill, and so urgent for my stay, that I had hastily transferred my patients to a brother practitioner by telegraph, and staid with him until he was again comparatively easy. Sauntering down to the little station, where the train condescended to stop for such insane folks as *would* start from way depots, I saw waiting upon the platform two ladies, dressed in the heaviest mourning, and closely veiled. They were standing leaning against the railing of the platform, while, at a little distance from them, a rough country boy was seated upon their trunk. Glancing toward them with that feeble curiosity that passers-by attract, I went forward to the other end of the platform to watch, too, for the coming train. Two or three times my eyes wandered to the group destined to be my fellow-travellers; one tall and stately, the other small, and scarcely taller than a child of twelve years, yet bearing in her attitude the quiet repose and dignity of a woman. The train came shooting along to the platform, and the tall lady went forward to see about the trunk, while the little one followed with a timid, uncertain step, grasping the railing with her hands as she moved slowly forward.

She was opposite the door, when a good-natured "Come, hurry up!" from the conductor startled her into taking a step forward; in another instant she would have fallen headlong under the wheels of the cars, had I not thrown my arm around her just in time to save her.

"Take care!" I cried hastily. "Don't you see the step?"

She was trembling so violently that she could not answer me, and while I in thought blamed her for such an excess of agitation, her companion came up hurriedly.

"Clara! how could you start without me? Thank you, sir, for your kindness—she could not see the danger—she is blind."

Some impulse, not want of kindness, prompted me to raise the little figure and place her in safety upon the car platform, then find her a seat before I took my leave. The car was crowded, and I found myself obliged to stand, but succeeded in placing the blind girl and her companion in good places.

The tall lady would not suffer me to bow myself away; she held out a slender, ungloved hand to me, and threw back the veil which concealed her sweet face and widow's cap.

You must let me thank you, sir," she said gratefully. "My little Clara and I are not accustomed to travelling; indeed, we have never been so far from home as we are going now, and I felt perhaps unnecessarily anxious about my trunk."

"You are going to L——?" I asked.

"Yes, to visit a sister of Clara's father. It is only a few months since"—she stopped, with full eyes and a quivering lip, but the mute glance at her own and her daughter's sable garments told me what she could not utter.

"You must let me take charge of your baggage at the depot," I said, willing to change the subject. "I have none of my own, so can give all my attention to yours," and I bowed myself away."

The next stopping-place deprived my new acquaintance of the occupants of the seat before her, and I took possession immediately, turning the seat to face the blind girl and her mother. Both veils were now raised, and I could see the delicate beauty of the afflicted lady. Fair, with black hair and heavy black eyelashes sweeping from the closed lids on the pale cheeks, a small mouth, sensitive and beautiful, she was very lovely, a patient look of resignation stamping every beauty with the great charm—expression.

We were soon chatting freely. Some tenderness kept both mother and child silent on the subject of the latter's affliction, but we soon found material for two hours of social converse. The news, criticisms upon new literature, and the thousand ever-changing topics of small talk, were each and all handled in turn, and the pale cheek brightened, the sweet face grew animated, as the blind girl became interested in the subjects discussed. She had the rare gift of conversing *well*, treating trivial subjects gayly and with animation, but letting her tone deepen and her language grow almost poetical as graver or more engrossing thoughts wrought themselves into words. I do not like a woman whose voice keeps an unvaried monotone, whose face wears a placid expression through every change of topic. No; give me the cheek that flushes and pales, the voice that rises to passion and poetry, or sinks to tuneful sadness as the heart rises or falls with varying emotion. My beautiful *vis-a-vis* was not more than nineteen, full of enthusiasm and poetry, and showed her unselfishness by her ability to throw her whole interest into every topic, unheeding her own grief and misfortune. Her mother soon left us to carry on the conversation, but the look of relief and pleasure showed me how she delighted to see her child interested, and inspired me to fresh exertions to keep the ball of conversation briskly tossing. She was proud, too, of her darling's ability to keep pace with me on all subjects, sometimes frankly questioning where a term or reference puzzled her, but oftener ready to meet suggestion by suggestion, to give repartee for wit, news for news, or argument for theory. Never did I utter a more reluctant good-by than the one which preceded their driving from the depot.

My whole day was absorbed in professional visits, and my heart being in the work, no visions of the pale beauty came to disturb me until late in the evening, when I returned to my desolate home. Then, in the little office where I pass my evenings, I fell to musing.

Memory came first to fill my heart, showing me the past in vivid pictures, sweeping aside my five lonely years of bereavement, to bring to my side the beloved wife and children who had been carried to their final resting-place from this, my home. Little figures, as they had sported around me, low, sweet voices, tuned to childhood's happiness, fair faces full of merriment seemed haunting me, as Eddy, my noble boy, Amy and Susy, my wee, winsome girls, were recalled from their graves to memory's picture-gallery. Then the graceful figure of my first love, my Eva, came to dim my eyes and thrill my heart, as, blooming in her bridal dress, fair and comely in home costumes, pallid and stiff in her shroud, I again saw her in my heart. And why, following these, should come the sweet face of the blind girl, the clear, sweet music of her voice, the high-toned intellect her conversation revealed, I did not then comprehend; but as the evening crept on, the memory of my morning's ride crowded out the past, and I dreamed only of Clara.

The next morning, while I was dressing, and speculating as to whether the gray hairs creeping in among my black locks could make me any uglier, or whether snowy hair would lend a dignity to my big nose, great forehead, and huge mouth, a wee note was handed to me from Mrs. Gilroy, one of my wealthiest and most agreeable patients. It read as follows:

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Mena has not cut her finger, the parrot has not bitten Charley, I am not hysterical, and 'papa' is flourishing, yet, notwithstanding this, you must call upon me this morning, *professionally*. Yours, very truly,
S. GILROY.

Of course I went. My hostess *pro tem.* met me in the hall, arrayed in a mourning dress, yet wearing all her smiles, and certainly looking most unlike an invalid.

"Come in here, Doctor," she said, opening the library door, "and let me tell you why I summoned you. You are looking at my dress; 'tis for my brother; you remember Stephen, who took a Timon-of-Athens freak twenty years ago, and buried himself in a country town, where he died?"

I nodded.

"I can't pretend to grieve much, you know," she said frankly, "for we were separated when our parents died; I living here, with my aunt, until I married, he travelling over the length and breadth of the world, till he buried himself at S——. We corresponded languidly, but were really very little acquainted, though now, conversing with his widow, I deeply regret the fact. And this brings me to your patient. A few weeks ago my sister-in-law wrote to me, begging that I would find her a boarding place where she could remain while her daughter was under medical treatment, and also asking my advice about a physician. Of course I invited her here, and yesterday she arrived with her lovely daughter, her only child."

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

"Cataract, I think," she replied; "total blindness following fever, nearly two years ago. The blindness came on suddenly, and my brother was very anxious to put her at once under treatment, but his own health was so feeble that his wife could not leave him; they were unwilling to trust country practitioners, and Clara was afraid to come here without her mother."

"Can I see her at once?" I asked, my heart full of hope.

"Yes, I will bring her down. Her mother has yielded to my persuasions not to be present at your examination. Indeed, she is already so agitated that she is scarcely able to stand."

I listened eagerly for Mrs. Gilroy's return, watching the door anxiously, till I saw her leading in, yes—my travelling companion.

If my hand trembled as I placed a chair facing the window, and flooded the room with the morning light, it was firm again before the fingers touched the snowy, drooping lids. My patient was evidently nerved up to intense quietude. Not a muscle quivered, the mouth was resolutely set, the hands tightly clasped, the whole frame still and rigid as stone, as she obeyed my finger and opened the large black eyes; yet in their strained eagerness I read the hope I was to bless or crush. I drew the small head down upon my arm, and bent over my task. As short as possible I made the suspense, and my own heart thrilled with a glad rapture as I softly closed the blinded eyes, and said, gently: "You may hope to see again."

She had been so unnaturally still that I was not unprepared for the long, quivering sob and burst of passionate tears which followed my words. It is one of the holy privileges of my profession to have the power to soothe and comfort as well as heal, and never had my hands tried gentler caresses, my voice more fatherly tenderness, than when I smoothed the glossy bands of Clara Howard's hair, and spoke words of hope and encouragement to still her wild sobs.

Two days later I performed the operation which I prayed would give my darling sight. My darling? Older than herself by twenty long years, ugly in feature, tall and awkward in form, widowed and bereaved, I was allowing my whole heart's passion to pour itself out for my new patient. Every hour of intercourse bound my love more closely to her till I knew that the whole happiness or misery of my future life depended upon gaining or losing the precious treasure of her love.

It was not necessary for me to see her every day, yet my horse stopped before Mrs. Gilroy's in each morning's round, and for an hour, sometimes, I sat in the darkened room with my patient and her mother, listening to her eloquent words, her expressive voice, and noble thoughts.

At last the day came when the bandages could come from the large eyes, and the final test of sight be made. As I drew off the fine handkerchief, shielding the light from her, she held the lids still pressed firmly down, holding out her hands.

"Mother! let me see mother first."

Mrs. Howard was already kneeling by the chair, and the long rapturous look, which drank in every feature of her face, was proof enough that Clara indeed *saw* her mother. Her Aunt came next, and then she asked for me.

I trembled like a boy as I came to obey her call. No word greeted me, but the large eyes filled with gratitude as my patient carried my big ugly hand to her lips, and pressed kisses upon it. Well, I was an old fool, and could not bear it; so in the presence of mother and aunt, kneeling by the low chair that held my darling, I told my love, my hope.

She turned away from me, stretched out her arms with a cry of "Mother! mother!" and sank, weeping, into her mother's arms. Even in that hour of agony I thought of the precautions to preserve the tender eyesight—gave her aunt the directions for darkening the room again, and went down stairs as calmly as if my whole life was not as dark as the one from which I had rescued her.

Two hours later I had turned over my practice to an old friend, made my bank arrangements, and closed my house, to start at midnight for New York, catch the next day's steamer, and sail for Europe.

She could not love me. This was the haunting thought that drove me from England to France, from Spain to Italy, over country after country, for three weary years. All the tender inflections of her voice that had fed my mad hope were dictated by gratitude; the yielding of the soft hand to my long clasp, the permitting of my respectful caresses in pain, were all given to the doctor and friend; but when the old lover sued, the tender child, pitiful, frightened, and unloving, could only turn and weep upon her mother's bosom. I blessed her for those tears; she pitied me! there was no scorn in her rejection, only sorrow that she had unconsciously wounded a loving heart. I could blame her with no coquetry; frank and guileless as a child, she had suffered me to read her tender gratitude, and if I, in mad presumption, misconstrued it, she was exempt from all knowledge of the dreaming.

Time soared over the wound. I could not forget, and memory would sometimes stab the heart deeply; but I had let three years pass over my folly, and it was becoming part of other painful reminiscences, unconnected with the present. I resolved to return home. I was in a little seaport town in Italy when my resolution was taken, but the next day I changed my purpose. A fatal epidemic fever broke out, and I was needed. Crowded as the little town was with strangers visiting it for sea bathing and air, the malady found plenty of victims, and every nurse or doctor could find employment. There was not much to make life attractive to me, so I dared contagion in the narrowest courts, the most filthy lodgings, scarcely allowing myself time for necessary rest and refreshment.

We had found it best to organize our forces, and each physician had a certain beat. Mine was crowded, when a summons from a brother practitioner in the next street called upon me to increase my efforts. He was stricken down, too, and dying, committed his patients to my care.

"There is one here in my house," he said to me. "Do not forget her. Her mother died of the fever a week ago, and she herself is very ill. They were Americans. She is quite alone here; but Inez, my landlady, attends to her."

His death followed the charge very soon, and I left his bed to find out my new patients. The landlady implored me not to leave the house without seeing the "poor young American," and I followed her to the large, cool room where the fever-stricken girl talked in wild delirium.

"Will he never come back, mother? My heart will break with this long suspense. How could he misunderstand me? The rapture of hearing he loved me! Will it never be mine again? Oh, mother, will he never return? Where could I weep out my joy but on your breast? Oh, mother, my heart will break!"

She knew me! Before the echo of her pitiful cry had died away, her head was pillowed on my bosom, her voice, tenderly low, sobbing—

"You have come to me?"

And then, peacefully content, having found her love, she slept. I left her, wrapt in sound slumber, to visit other sufferers, vaguely conscious of some great bewildering happiness, some past fatal blindness, but too happy, too agitated to fully comprehend my own rapture.

She recovered. Days of prostration followed the fever, but a sudden spell of cold swept the miasma from the town, and the patients began a new lease of life. No new cases occurred, and before my darling was able to travel, my labors in the town were no longer needed.

It was my task to console her for her mother's loss, my happiness to give her a future to look forward to, my hand that clasped hers in the close pressure of affection. And when convalescence set in, and the pale cheek began to tinge with returning health, she gave me her hand in the little church of the town, in earnest of her love for me, her willingness to link her whole life with mine.

My darling! As my hand swept from her eyes the blindness of disease, so her love sweeps from my heart its sorrows and pain. No cloud between us, no doubt to chill our love, my darling and I, hand in hand, face life's duties, striving to share our wealth with all demanding aid, to give our sympathy to every aching heart we meet on life's plain, and hoping, by earnestly meeting God's will, to win His blessing and mercy.

DR. SMITH AND THE QUAKER.

DR. ROBERT SMITH was settled at Pequea, Pennsylvania, in 1750, where he continued to preach and also to teach in his Classical Academy until his death, which occurred about the year 1785. A near neighbor of Dr. Smith's was a Quaker, or Friend, whose name, although often mentioned to me, now escapes my recollection. I will assume it to be William Jones. Dr. Smith and Mr. Jones were very good friends, and often visited each other. One day Dr. Smith said:

"Friend Jones, I notice that although we are good friends and neighbors, yet I have never seen you at my church, or meeting-house, as you call it."

"That is very true, friend Robert, but thee knows the reason. We Quakers, as we are called, are not in favor of a hireling ministry, who are educated especially for that purpose. We favor those who preach only by the Spirit."

"Well, says the Doctor, "without entering upon the first point of your objection at present, I think I can say that we Presbyterians follow the teachings of the Spirit in our sermons to the people."

"Oh, no, friend Robert; thee knows very well that thee prepares thy discourse before thee enters the pulpit."

"That is quite true, to some extent, but nevertheless I can preach without such previous preparation."

"Well, then," said the Quaker, "I will try thee; I will go to hear thee preach on this condition, namely, that I will give thee a text, which thee must not see until thee goes into the pulpit."

"I accept the offer," says Dr. Smith.

"Very well, then, I will go to thy meeting-house next First day; and will send up the sexton, after thee has made the long prayer which I learn thee makes."

"That is not quite what I expected when you made the proposition," says Dr. Smith, "but I accept it, and will expect to see you at the Pequea church next Sunday morning."

Dr. Smith entered his pulpit the next Sabbath with some anxiety. A glance over the congregation showed him that his Quaker neighbor was there; and at the appointed time he expected the text. He commenced his services in his usual manner, and after the "long prayer," he commenced a very long psalm. I believe it was not the One hundred and Nineteenth Psalm *throughout*, but it was quite a long psalm. As the precentor, a fine singer, rose, the sexton came up the isle, and handed the preacher the text. It was from the book of Ezra, first chapter, and latter clause of the ninth verse: "Nine-and-Twenty Knives." A sharp as well as a hard text, thought the Doctor. The singing of the long psalm gave him a few minutes for reflection; when that was ended he arose and announced his text, and noticed a smile upon the faces of his congregation, even some venerable elders could not preserve the usual solemnity of their countenances. But the preacher proceeded with his discourse. He spoke briefly of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon; of their condition there; the proclamation of Cyrus; of the wonderful preservation of the utensils of the Temple which had been taken from Jerusalem by the conquerors of Judea; none of the knives which were used for slaying and preparing the sacrifices were lost, mislaid, or destroyed. They were, says Dr. Smith, under the special care and protection of God, and were in due time restored to the Temple. He then enlarged upon the special providence of God. "Not a sparrow falls without his notice;" and "the very hairs of our heads are numbered." "The Lord knows them that are his, and none of them shall perish."

The Quaker was not only pleased, but he was aroused and delighted. The next day he sent for Dr. Smith to dine with him. After dinner he invited Dr. Smith to take a walk around the farm, and coming to a pasture field in which were his cattle, he stopped abruptly and said:

"I was much pleased with thy discourse, friend Robert, last First day. Now, thee knows, we follow our leader, George Fox, who bore his testimony against a hireling ministry; we never pay our public friends, but we sometimes give them presents. I wish to give thee a present. I have many good milch cows. I wish thee to select one for thyself."

Dr. Smith wished to decline the gift, but the Quaker insisted, and said:

"I will be offended at thee if thee refuses."

The Doctor having noticed a very small and ill-looking cow, said:

"Well, if I must take one of the cows I will take that small red cow," pointing to the one he had noticed, and which he supposed the least valuable.

"Well, I do profess," said friend Jones, "thee does not only preach by the Spirit, but thee can choose by the Spirit; that little red cow is the best one I have; my wife would not sell it for one hundred dollars, but thee shall have it."

And accordingly, the same evening, the little cow was driven to the "Manse," and proved to be a valuable acquisition to the dominie's dairy.

READING TO THE PRESIDENT.

THEY tell a story about the President, and a severe test upon his good-humor, which will do to relate. The *Right Way* is a small seven-by-nine sheet, sadly misnamed, and devoted primarily to the abuse of Andrew Johnson, and secondarily to the advocacy of the Sumnerian mode of reconstruction. Lew. Campbell happened to pick up a copy of it, which was peculiarly "rich" in vituperation and scandal. He took it to the White House, and in the course of an interview with his Excellency, drew it from his pocket with the remark, "Now, Mr. President, I'm going to test your different mental and moral qualities. Let me see how you are as to philosophy."

Campbell then read an article entitled "Andrew Johnson and Thomas Paine," written after the manner of Plutarch's "Comparison," and designed to show that Paine was a very estimable man compared with Johnson. The President listened to it attentively.

"How do you like that?" said Campbell.

"Well, it's not bad, said Andrew good-humoredly.

"Now," said Campbell, "I want to test your patriotism." And he read an article showing that between Andrew Johnson and Benedict Arnold there was a large balance in favor of the latter in the love of country.

"How do you like that?" said Campbell.

"Oh, it will do. This is a free country, you know," smilingly replied the President.

"Well, now prepare for a test of your fidelity," said Campbell, and proceeded to read an article entitled "Judas Iscariot and Andrew Johnson," to the effect that the betrayal of his Master by the former was as nothing compared with the betrayal of his party by the latter.

"What do you think of that, Mr. President?"

"Well, I guess my shoulders are broad enough to stand it," replied his Excellency, not at all moved to displeasure.

"Now here comes the climax," said Campbell, and began to read a double-leaded editorial to the effect that the *Right Way* would be circulated through the agency of the Freedmen's Bureau, under an order from General Howard.

"How do you like that, Mr. President?" inquired Campbell.

The President laughed, looked his Ohio friend in the eye, and said, "Well, now, I don't mind the other thing, but doesn't it strike you that the Howard part is a little too steep?"

Campbell said it really did occur to him in that light. The President finally took the paper and made some notes on the margin of the order of General Howard, since which time it is supposed the Freedmen's Bureau hasn't been instrumental in circulating the *Right Way* to a very great extent.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

EDUCATION is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime can destroy, no enemy can alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; and in society, an ornament. It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once grace and government to genius; without it, what is man? A splendid slave; a reasoning savage.

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of them again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love you any the better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of disregard for feeling will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. Do not, too often, invite your friends out to ride, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteem others more companionable than herself. If you have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence on your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household accordingly. Be it remembered that pecuniary affairs cause more difficulties than any other cause. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all you possess in the world—therefore she should be made acquainted with that which is of great importance to both.

JOHN O'GROAT.

IN the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John O'Groat, natives of Holland, came to the coast of Caithness, with a letter in Latin from that monarch, recommending them the protection and countenance of his subjects thereabout. They got possession of a large district of land, and in process of time multiplied and prospered until they numbered eight different proprietors by the name of Groat. On one of the annual dinners instituted to commemorate their arrival at Caithness, a dispute arose as to the right of precedency in taking the door and the head of the table. This waxed very serious, and threatened to break up these annual gatherings. But the wisdom and virtue of John prevented this rupture. He made a touching speech to them, soothing their angry spirits with an appeal to the common and precious memories of their native land, and to all their joint experiences in this. He entreated them to return to their homes quietly, and he would remedy the current difficulty at the next meeting. Won by his kindly spirit and words, they complied with his request. In the interval John built a house expressly for the purpose, of an octagonal form, with eight doors and windows. He then placed a table of oak, of the same shape, in the middle, and when the next meeting took place, he desired each head of the different Groat families to enter at his own door, and sit at the head of his own table. This happy and ingenious plan restored good feeling and a pleasant footing to the sensitive families, and gave to the good Dutchman's name an interest which it will carry with it forever.

LEARN TO "SPOUT."

THIS is the first advice that a female whale gives to its young, and it is just the advice that every American mother should give her boys. In no country in the world is there such a field for off-hand speakers to operate in as in the United States. A man capable of stirring up a multitude at a mass meeting can reach any office in the gift of the people, beginning with comptroller of poultry, and leaving off with the Presidency. In the present Congress there are fifty-six Senators; forty-three are or have been lawyers, leaving only thirteen for all the other professions. Now, why is this? Why should twenty thousand lawyers have eight times as many representatives in the Senate as the whole twenty-five millions of other people? For no other reason in the world than that lawyers are good speakers. But why should good speakers be limited to one profession? We know not a single good reason. Every school should have a declamation club connected with it. Boys of all classes should be initiated into the art and mystery of persuasion. With early training the mechanic and farmer would become as successful "on the stump" as gentlemen who consume their oil in poring over the old fogyism of Coke upon Littleton. To be a good speaker, all that is required is a first-class memory and a little manly confidence. The former can be acquired by practice at any time; the latter, however, can only be obtained by "breaking the ice" during our school-boy days. Again we say, "learn to spout."

AN empty head and a full purse are more respected than the man of sense whose purse has been lightened by the unavoidable shafts of misfortune.

TOILET MYSTERIES.

IT takes me an hour every morning, says an English authoress, to make up my *chignon* (my own hair) so as to prevent the stuffing from showing. And now that I have mentioned the word chignon, I will let you and your young friends into a secret respecting that article, so that you may be able to discover whether a girl wears one of her own hair or of somebody else's. A natural chignon is never so smooth as a false one, because, try as she will, the neatest and cleverest young lady's maid can never prevent a few short hairs from sticking out here and there; for although they may not show at first, they will become visible to a certainty before the evening is out, especially after dancing. Now, the false chignons are made of hair all of the same length, and secured so firmly as always to present a smooth surface, although I have known some girls purposely pull two or three of the hairs out and cut them off short, so that these chignons may seem natural, which I call very wicked, and what I never should do were I obliged to wear false hair, which, thank goodness, I am not. Then, again, false chignons, especially of any colored hair (which is very expensive to buy), are rarely an exact match with the wearer's own hair, so that to disguise the difference they are frequently covered with a fine net, which is sometimes ornamented with gold spangles; so whenever you see one covered in that way you may be certain it is false, because no girl who had hair enough to make a chignon would ever think of hiding it under a net. Dear me! what a trouble one's hair is to one.

CHINESE WIDOWS.

WIDOWS are obliged, by custom, to wear white, black, or blue skirt, when they wear any skirts at all. They are not allowed to dress in red and gaudy skirt, as though they were married and their husbands were living. Hence the expression, "*marrying the wearer of a white skirt*," applied to a man who marries a widow. Poor families sometimes arrange to marry one of their sons to a widow, when they feel themselves unable to procure a girl of good character, on account of the necessary expense in such a case. The expense attendant on marrying a widow is comparatively small. It is considered a disgrace to a family for one of its sons to marry a widow, no matter how intelligent, interesting, and handsome she may be, as well as a disgraceful or shameful step on the part of the widow to consent to marry again. No rich and fashionable family ever marries a son of a widow. A widow is not allowed to ride in a red bridal chair *en route* from her residence to her intended husband. She must employ a common black-covered chair, borne by two men. Many families, which have a widow connected with them, are exceedingly unwilling that she should marry again, on account of the dishonor which such a procedure would bring upon them, and especially upon the memory of her deceased husband. Generally his relatives, if in good circumstances, prefer to assist in her support, or support her entirely, than that she should marry the second time.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND

CONCERNING the man you call your friend; tell me, will he weep with you in the house of distress? will he faithfully reprove you to your face for actions which others are ridiculing and censuring behind your back? will he dare to stand forth in your defence when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapon at your reputation? will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality and behave to you with the same friendly attention in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune as when the claims of pride do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life in which you cannot appear with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to bear the burthen of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and administer the balm of consolation to your fainting spirits?

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

GIVE me to know that the doctrine of Jesus is bread from Heaven, and that it sustains the spirit and prepares it for Heaven, and I may well be indifferent whether that bread descended, like the manna in the desert, in nightly dew, or whether, like the food of Elijah, it was brought to my eager hands by the ravens, or whether it was broken for myself and the hungry thousands around me by the hand endued with miraculous power. So long as I know that it was sent to me by the Father of my spirit, and that, eating it, I shall live forever, I know that can give it value, and awaken my gratitude. When some friendly hand presses a cup of cold water to my lips, as I am fainting with thirst in a thirsty land, I will not ask, for I do not care, whether that water was showered from the skies or gushed from a spring. I ask not whether it was brought me in a golden urn, or whether it was presented in a crystal vase or a soldier's hemlet. It is water that lets me live, and that is enough for me.

The Columbian.

GEORGE H. MOORE, EDITOR.

BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

THE MODEL LETTER.

ASSESSOR'S OFFICE, U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE,
THIRTEENTH COLLECTION DIS., STATE OF PA.,
BLOOMSBURG, March 2, 1866.

Hon. Hugh M'Culloch, Secretary of the Treasury:

SIR,—I inclose you a copy of my issue of this week. I have likewise addressed a copy to the President. You will see that the charge that I am opposing him is false.

IF I AM SUSTAINED BY YOURSELF AND THE PRESIDENT, if the patronage is not taken from us and given to those who oppose us, we shall be able to make our vigorous Union organization a unit, and TRIUMPHANTLY SUSTAIN THE ADMINISTRATION. Respectfully,

PALEMON JOHN,
Assessor Thirteenth District, Pa.

A PUBLIC LETTER.

OFFICE OF THE REPUBLICAN,
BLOOMSBURG, PA., July 7, 1866.

Hon. A. H. Randall, President of the National Union Club, Washington, D. C.:

SIR,—I have just received, under the frank of the chattel Senator Edgar Cowan, a call issued by you and other members of your "Bread and Butter Brigade," for a Convention in Philadelphia on the fourteenth of August. I return it to you, as it does *not* "meet my approbation."

In times past I entertained a high personal respect for you. When we met at the Baltimore Convention you were among the most radical of the Radicals. We both supported Andrew Johnson. I acted in good faith. I never dreamed that he would prove recreant and false, much less that *you* would "fall from your high estate" to follow his leadership, aye, and aid him in his persistent determination to break up the organization that placed him in power, and for the success of which you and I have spent the best years of *our* lives. *I scorn to do so base a thing.* You insult honest Republicans by sending them your address; and to Republicans of *Pennsylvania* it is a greater insult to send it under the frank of a Senator who has treated their generous confidence with so much perfidy and treachery.

Governor Randall, it is a strange crowd you are now training in. The great and generous party of your gallant State—a party that has bestowed so many honors on you—have an account to settle with you for your recreancy. *And they will do it.* You seem to have forgotten the tragic fate of Judas. Go your way. Having sold yourself to do the work of shame required at your hands you shall have your reward. You and those acting with you will find yourselves eventually swallowed up by the Democratic boa constrictor which is quietly waiting for just such provender.

PALEMON JOHN.

"THAT CONFIRMATION."

THE *Republican* of last week, under the caption of "The Assessorship," discourses as follows:

About nine months ago we were appointed Assessor of Internal Revenue. It was asked for by a majority of the leading active and influential Republicans in the District, and endorsed by the entire Republican press. Of course this appointment did not please the incurable *clique* here, who for the past ten years have adopted the policy of *ruining* when they fail to rule. Powerless of themselves to do serious harm, or to accomplish their purposes, they appealed to Mr. Buckalew. After various interviews, and after their *solemnly accepting his condition*, Mr. Buckalew espoused their cause, not because of any love for them, but because he *thought* he saw in it a chance to disorganize our party and aid the Democracy. Their part of the contract is now well understood in the COLUMBIAN enterprise, and the *attempt* to organize a "Johnson party" here.

Mr. Buckalew at once commenced active operations. He interested the renegade Cowan, and having ascertained at an early day the determination of the President to *betray the great party that elected him*, they soon boasted that they had him "all right." He refused to send our name to the Senate for confirmation because we "stood by Congress," and soon after the name of Robert F. Clark was sent in because *he* "stood by the President" and endorsed his policy."

Months passed and the Senate did not act. Mr. Clark had made several visits to Washington, but found it necessary to go once more. He solemnly assured Senators that he was not connected with nor interested in the COLUMBIAN, and that he *did not* and *would not* oppose Congress. Senators were likewise assured that our own name would not be sent in by the President, and that at the close of the session there would be a vacancy; and finally Mr. Buckalew, who is personally popular with Senators, appealed to them as a special favor to confirm Mr. Clark, who was his townsman and *friend*. It was done. Mr. Clark has got an office at last! But the *price he has paid for it is fearful.*

For ourself—having long since adopted the policy of taking things coolly—we confess that we feel relieved. Strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, the emoluments of the office never compensated for all of its annoyances. Too often cases occurred where seemingly well-meaning people could not understand why it was that an officer could not faithfully perform his duty and yet favor them on the score of personal friendship. In our official position we could know no man—could favor none. Our duty was clear and plain. We retire from office feeling that we conscientiously performed that duty. And it is a gratification to know that we have retained the respect, the confidence, and endorsement of the great mass of the Republicans of the entire District.

Having some comments to make on the above article, we deem it but fair to our readers to publish it in full.

We begin by observing that it is substancially false; wholly false when it reiterates the charge, heretofore repeatedly made by the *Republican*, that the COLUMBIAN was started by its proprietors under an agreement with Mr. Buckalew that Mr. Clark should be made Assessor of this district. The arrangement for the publication of this journal, as is well known to every gentleman interested in it, was perfected before the name of Mr. Clark was thought of in connection with the Assessorship, and before its proprietors had hoped to be able to oust the late Assessor. We may further add that its publication was designed before there had been any breach whatever between the President and Congress. It may be well to state here that Mr. Clark never was an applicant to the President for the office of Assessor or any other office within his gift, and that his name was used without his consent. His first knowledge that it had been used in that connection was when President Johnson announced to him his determination to bestow the office upon him. This is a fact susceptible of proof, and well known to the gentlemen who introduced his name to the President.

The above article is not only essentially but emphatically false, in the statement "that he [Mr. Clark] assured Senators that he was not connected with nor interested in the COLUMBIAN, and that he did not and would not oppose Congress." No such statement was ever made by him to Senators, or anybody else, and no man of truth will assert that it was. Mr. Clark made two visits to Washington, and he found on his second and last visit that an attempt was being made by Congressman Mercur and others of his kind, in Washington and at home, to array Senators against him by false statements, consistent only with an utter recklessness of truth, the chief of which was that *he* had started a paper *to oppose Congress*. Now as Mr. Clark had no *pecuniary* interest whatever in this paper, and as he had never written for it or any other paper a line about Congress, good or bad, the truth of the charge made was denied. There was no denial or concealment of the fact that he took great interest in the success of this paper; that he canvassed for subscribers; that it had his advertising patronage; that its proprietors were his friends, and opposed to the editor of the *Republican*. And that there might be no mistake that his disclaimer of any interest in or connection with the COLUMBIAN was only the disclaimer of a pecuniary interest, a day or two after his return from Washington, and before his case came up in the Senate, he addressed to a distinguished Republican Senator a letter of that purport.

That Mr. Clark's confirmation was due in a good degree to the high regard entertained by Senators of every shade of political faith for Mr. Buckalew as a gentleman of integrity and rare ability, we know to be true, and this is about the only truth contained in the *Republican* article; unless it be, indeed, when the editor states that he feels relieved at having lost the office. This everybody who knows *him* knows is a direct and positive —— truth.

But is it not time for the late Assessor to be honest? He is removed, and no amount of prevarication on his part, and no heaping of slanderous abuse upon his successful rival, can reinstate him; and that patronage for which he whined so piteously is gone, not to return, at least during this Administration. Why not then deal honestly with his readers, and make a public confession of what he must know to be the fact, if his *truthful* friend Mercur has advised him truthfully, to wit: that Senators turned from him with scorn after reading his letter of the second of March to Secretary M'Culloch. And the more radical the Senator the more thorough his contempt for the writer of "that letter." It need not surprise anybody, therefore, that the Senate in this instance gave a unanimous vote to confirm, after the struggle had been protracted long enough to develop the whole case to Senators. How could it be otherwise?

That the offer of the *late* Assessor to sell not only himself but the entire Republican party of the county to the President, without any other condition than his retention in office, was dictated and approved by Mercur, was very generally believed by Senators; and when, therefore, they saw that this bitter and malignant fight against Mr. Clark was led by these two worthies, with such feeble support as *home slanderers* could *give*, no wonder Senators concluded to treat them with the contempt they deserved, and honorable men everywhere will so treat them.

MILITARY.

WE still have another *gun* which the editor of the *Republican* ought to *spike* while in that business. If not spiked it may be discharged. We refer to that interesting letter of the *Assessor* to Secretary M'Culloch, dated February twenty-seventh, 1866, five days after the President's speech on the twenty-second. If we are compelled to discharge this gun, its stunning effect will equal that of the tremendous bombshell which the *military* man of the *Republican* has been accustomed from time to time to explode in the camps of his enemies. We give one elegant extract from the letter: "The charge that I am opposing the President is unfounded and false." This is very strong, very clear, and very much to the point, and any one except a most uncompromising friend of the President would have been content to let matters remain as they stood at that writing. Not so with our *Assessor*. In the three days between the twenty-seventh of February and the second of March, the Republican press assailed the President with great virulence. The editor of the *Republican* saw the necessity, as he thought, of defining his position anew, and pledging not only his own unqualified support, but the support of the *entire Republican party of this county*. We are, however, in error in saying *unqualified*, but were unconsciously led into the error by the trivialness of the qualification, which was that *the President must allow the Assessor to retain his office.*

COMMUNICATION.

BLOOMSBURG, July 19, 1866.

To the Editor of the Columbian:

I observe by the last *Columbia County Republican* that Dr. John has published a letter purporting to have been written by me of the date of the tenth of January, 1865, recommending him for the office of Revenue Assessor. I suppose the letter is genuine, although I have no copy, and therefore cannot speak positively. It is sufficiently humiliating, however, to me to have to confess that in an unguarded moment I did write a letter of recommendation for him.

To my friends I owe an apology. It has been observed by an eminent writer, and one of the best of men, "that no man has ever lived who upon a review of his life could not revert to some one act of which he was not most heartily ashamed." In looking at the letter referred to I confess I feel the truth of the above observation with great force. To have been seduced into recommending this man for any office, knowing him as I should have known him, is evidence, to use the mildest terms, of *weakness*, well calculated to alarm one's friends, and I can only promise that this *offence or folly will never be repeated.*

The Doctor says "this letter is strong, but it was given us voluntarily." This statement of his is impudently untrue. Let me state the facts. The letter referred to was written in Philadelphia, and mailed to the Doctor, under the following circumstances. He represented to me that not only his friend Mercur but the Commissioner of Internal Revenue had *determined* upon the removal of Major Monroe, and that it was simply a question if whether he (the Doctor) or some other Republican should supply his place. He wrote me at Philadelphia, where I spent the most of that Winter, *begging* for a letter, and sending me a copy of one written in his behalf by Thomas J. Ingham, Esq., of Sullivan, with a suggestion that I might adopt it as my own. To be rid of the annoyances of this "importunate shark," and confiding in his statement that the Revenue Department, which statement was of course false, had concluded on Major Monroe's removal, I wrote what I did. His allegation that about this time I gave a similar letter to Major Monroe is untrue. Subsequently to the tenth of January, 1865, suspecting that I had been cheated and deceived by this man, I wrote to Mercur, and among other things inquired whether it was proposed to remove Major Monroe on charges, and thereupon I received a letter from that distinguished member of Congress expressing his surprise at my opposition to his friend, the Doctor, and informing me that he had committed himself in favor of his appointment, one of his main inducements being my letter to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Satisfied as I was then that I had been duped and deceived by the Doctor's false representations, Mercur's declaration that he had recommended John to the office at my instance would have added greatly to my mortification had I for a moment suspected that he (Mercur) told the truth. I had no such suspicion. I had come to understand him, and gave to what he said the same weight that the Senate of the United States gave to his attack recently made upon me.

The editor of the *Republican* refers to what he is pleased to term my "erratic course" as a politician. For my past political action I have no apology to make. Heretofore I have always voted for the candidate who suited me best, and I will continue so to do regardless of threats and denunciations of parties or individuals. Yours truly,

ROBERT F. CLARK.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1866.

DEAR CAPTAIN,—Pope says "the proper study of mankind is man," and as your correspondent desires to be placed on the record of observers of human nature, he will call attention to a case wherein a great amount of that rare virtue, disinterestedness, is exhibited by one of the editorial fraternity.

You were made acquainted, through the medium of my two former letters, with the history of the confirmation of Mr. Clark as Assessor of your district, and the discomfiture of Palemon John and his Congressional Representative. But your correspondent, in putting the facts of this case upon record, was quite unprepared for the gratifying exhibition of Christian resignation, under severe affliction, which was to be shown by the person supplanted in consequence of the new appointment, and which appears in P. John's paper of July twelfth, which you sent me. How grateful it is to every patriotic heart to see an unselfish citizen seeking the advancement of the public welfare regardless of his own interests; and who is able to say that "the emoluments of the office never compensated for all of its annoyances." (When the fox could not reach the grapes he said they were sour.) And this gratification is increased by considering the sound discretion which was shown by the ex-official in the appointment of his deputies and subordinates, and that deep grief over the depravity of human nature which formerly agitated his heart, because "seemingly well-meaning people could not understand why it was that an officer could not faithfully perform his duty and yet favor them on the score of personal friendship." It is too bad that such pure men as the ex-Assessor should be troubled by the importunity of friends for low assessments of their property, and other favors, at the public expense. It would seem that the Radical friends of a public officer will bear watching, and we cannot too much admire that stern sense of duty which, according to his own showing, must have actuated P. John in performing his official duties.

Being assured, then, that this disinterested patriot had nothing but public and pure objects in view, can we wonder that following the generous impulses of his soul, and desiring his country's welfare to the total exclusion of self-interest, he wrote that expostulatory and remarkable letter to the Secretary of the Treasury in March last? He was willing to sacrifice himself to the public service, although "the emoluments of the office [only eight or ten dollars per day] never compensated for all of its annoyances!"

Being actuated by such purely honorable motives we must set down his petty misrepresentations of Mr. Clark's course and declarations in Washington and elsewhere as simply an effervescense of public zeal not in the last degree caused by a spirit of low jealousy or malicious spite; for of such baseness P. John must be held incapable after his own clear declarations concerning his disinterestedness and patriotism in the premises. But enough concerning this remarkable patriot. Let us leave him to the sleep of the just, sweetened by an innate consciousness of merit, and unembittered by the stings of a reproaching conscience. If sterling integrity, strict veracity, sound and discriminating judgment, and a truly Christian spirit of resignation, can secure contentment of mind in this life, happy indeed will be the remaining days of the *extinguished* Assessor of the Thirteenth Revenue District of Pennsylvania.

I have some other matters in mind which might be written about, but it would be in bad taste to come down from the contemplation of a high and noble subject of reflection to the ordinary occurrences and events of the time.

A. M.

GENERAL PRESS DISPATCHES.

From Washington.

A BILL in behalf of the Portland sufferers was introduced by Mr. Fessenden and passed. It authorizes the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in the district affected by the fire not to press for payment of Government claims until the fourth of March next.

Hon. Lewis D. Campbell has had one or two interviews with Secretary Seward in relation to the Mexican mission since his arrival in the city, but has had no instructions given him, nor any intimation as to when they would be forthcoming.

At the United States District Land Office at Eau Claire, in the month of June, five thousand nine hundred and eighty-one acres were disposed of, the greater portion for agricultural college scrip, and the residue for bounty land warrants, selections with agricultural college scrip, and by cash sales.

The nomination of A. W. Randall to be Postmaster-General has been referred to the Senate Post Office Committee, as is usual in such cases. The speeches made on Saturday, when Mr. Dennison parted with the officers and clerks of the Department, show that the personal relations between the gentleman designated to succeed him and himself are of the most friendly character, and that each concedes to the other a large degree of private worth and official ability.

A strong effort is being made here by Colonel Stokes and other radical men from Tennessee to have Congress admit the Congressional delegation from that State before its adjournment, whether the Constitutional Amendment be adopted or not. They assert that the Tennessee Legislature is certain to adopt the amendment, and probably within two or three days, and submit that in view of this Congress ought to admit the delegation at once. It is shrewdly suspected, however, that if the delegation were once admitted there would be no unnecessary haste in pressing the amendment.

The President on Friday having signed the Internal Revenue Bill, the Internal Revenue Bureau at once commenced complying with the laws of which it is amendatory, and the preparation of instructions and regulations under the same.

Notwithstanding the Republican caucus, by twenty majority, expressed their desire for an adjournment *sine die* on to-morrow (Monday) week, and will exert themselves to that end, it is not certain it will take place on the twenty-third, as a number of the working men in both Houses, connected with important committees, do not think so early a day practicable, but rather about ten days from this time.

A letter from Puebla, dated June twenty-seventh, just received, says: "The last tax imposed by Maximilian on real estate is exorbitant. It amounts to one seventeenth per cent. on the proceeds, with other very onerous duties. We have been favored with some very queer local regulations, which leave us as much liberty as the Turks have. We must keep our houses open and lighted until ten P.M. A keeper of a boarding-house must watch closely over his guests, exclude any suspicious persons, and report all callers; otherwise he is subject to fine. The police were to superintend the domestic arrangements."

The reception and treatment by Congress on Monday of the message of the President accompanying his veto of the House Freedmen's Bureau Bill was eminently characteristic of that historic body. The private secretary of the President appeared at the bar of the House soon after two o'clock, and was permitted to remain standing there some length of time before it was convenient for Mr. Speaker Colfax to recognize him. At last the Speaker finished his little *tete-a-tete* with a member, and could listen to the announcement of a message from the President. The message was received, and very properly, according to custom, laid aside until the floor was vacant, when a member moved to order it printed without reading, and that it be made the special order for to-morrow, after the morning hour. Several Radical members objected to giving it even this consideration, and demanded that the House proceed with its regular business. On this Mr. Le Blond demanded, in a towering way, why the majority did not at once dispose of the veto. Instantly the House was a scene of the wildest confusion; members sprung to their feet on all sides, and demanded immediate action. "Vote on the bill," "Never mind the message," "Previous question," and a general chorus of similar suggestions and moves. Finally order was sufficiently restored for the Speaker to be heard, when a motion was made that the message be at once read, and the bill put upon its passage, which was carried under spur of the previous question. The message was then read. On the conclusion of the reading the previous question was again sprung upon the passage of the bill. Another scene of confusion ensued, members calling to one another across the Hall, or gathering in knots and engaging in loud conversation; messengers flying in all directions after absentees; the Speaker pounding his desk for order; the Clerk calling the roll; loud bursts of laughter; and a small-sized Bedlam prevailing generally. Senators came flocking into the House to see the fun, and watch that their members voted right. Trumbull looked as pleased as if it were his own bill. Chandler tried to hug three Michigan members at once, in his anxiety to keep them from dodging. Everybody was jolly, and so the call went on. At its conclusion the hubbub ceased, that the result might be heard—one hundred and three yeas, thirty-three nays. The bill had passed the House, the veto of President to the contrary notwithstanding. Instantly a burst of applause broke forth from the Radical side of the House. Such stamping and clapping of hands was there that one would have thought there were four times the number of feet and hands at work. Singularly enough the gallery failed to respond to the applause. It was hinted that there had been no time to pack these benches. Mr. Le Blond claims that he challenged immediate action in order to prevent this little piece of *finesse*, so often resorted to heretofore to manufacture political thunder. As was expected, the message and bill were hurried over to the Senate, where they arrived at four o'clock, interrupting a long-winded discussion of the Northern Pacific Railroad Bill. Senator Wilson could scarcely contain himself until Senator Fessenden concluded a very long and very dry speech to which nobody was listening. At last Wilson got the floor, and moved that the bill be at once taken up. Mr. Johnson objected, and moved that it lay on the table, the message be printed, and the whole subject be made the special order for to-morrow. M. Trumbull desired to know if Mr. Jonhson objected to having the message read. Mr. Johnson would be pleased to have it read. So the reading was proceeded with. At its conclusion Mr. Wilson moved that the bill be put immediately upon its passage. Mr. Johnson proposed as a substitute that the message be printed, and the whole subject laid over until to-morrow. On this the ayes and noes were demanded, resulting, ayes 13, noes 31; so it was clear that there was a two-thirds vote present in favor of the passage of the bill, and it was put on its passa e. Mr. Hendricks made a powerful speech against it, followed by Mr. Saulsbury, after which, at six o'clock, the bill was passed, the Radicals of the Lower House appearing in time to join in the applause, and participate in the exultation that one veto message had not even been dignified with an official publication, preparatory to action upon it.

THE VETO MESSAGE.

To the House of Representatives:

A CAREFUL examination of the bill passed by the two Houses of Congress, entitled "An act to continue in force, and to amend an act to establish a Bureau for the relief of Freedmen and Refugees, and for other purposes," has convinced me that the legislation which it proposes would not be consistent with the welfare of the country, and that it falls clearly within the reasons assigned in my message of the nineteenth of February last, returning without my signature a similar measure which originated in the Senate. It is not my purpose to repeat the objections which I then urged. They are fresh in your recollection, and can be readily examined as a part of the records of one branch of the National Legislature. Adhering to the principles set forth in that message, I now reaffirm them and the line of policy therein indicated. The only ground upon which this kind of legislation can be justified is that of the war-making power, and the act of which this bill is intended as amendatory was passed during the existence of the war. By its own provisions it is to terminate within one year from the cessation of hostilities and the declaration of peace. It is, therefore, yet in existence, and it is likely that it will continue in force as long as the Freedmen may require the benefits of its provisions. It will certainly remain in operation as a law until some months subsequent to the meeting of the next session of Congress, when, if experience shall make evident the necessity of additional legislation, the two Houses will have ample time to mature and pass the requisite measures. In the meantime the questions arise, Why should this war measure be continued beyond the period designated in the original act? and why, in time of peace, should military tribunals be created to continue until each State shall be fully restored in its constitutional relations to the Government, and shall be duly represented in the Congress of the United States? It was manifest with respect to the act approved March third, 1865, that prudence and wisdom alike required that jurisdiction over all cases concerning the free enjoyment of the immunities and rights of citizenship, as well as the protection of person and property, should be conferred upon some tribunal in every State or district where the ordinary course of judicial proceedings was interrupted by the Rebellion, and until the same should be fully restored. At that time, therefore, an urgent necessity existed for the passage of such a law, now the war has substantially ceased. The ordinary course of judicial proceeding is no longer interrupted. The Courts, both State and Federal, are in full, complete, and successful operation, and through them every person, regardless of race or color, is entitled to and can be heard. The protection granted to the white citizen is already conferred by law upon the Freedmen. Strong and stringent guards, by way of penalties and punishments, are thrown around his person and property, and it is believed that ample protection will be afforded him by due process of law, without resort to the dangerous expedient of military tribunals. Now that the war has been brought to a close, the necessity no longer existing for such tribunals as had their origin in the war, grave objections to their continuance must present themselves to the minds of all reflecting and dispassionate. Independently of the danger in representative Republics of conferring upon the military in time of peace extraordinary powers, so carefully guarded against by the patriots and statesmen of the earlier days of the Republic, so frequently the ruin of governments founded upon the same free principles, and subversive of the rights and liberties of the citizen, the question of practical economy earnestly commends itself to the consideration of the law-making power. With an immense debt already burdening the energies of the industrial and laboring classes, a due regard for their interests, so inseparably connected with the welfare of the country, should prompt us to rigid enconomy and retrenchment, and influence us to abstain from all legislation that would unnecessarily increase the public indebtedness. Tested by this rule of sound political wisdom, I can see no reason for the establishment of the military jurisdiction conferred upon the officials of the Bureau by the fourteenth section of the bill. By the laws of the United States and of the different States competent courts, Federal and State, have been established, and are now in full practical operation. By means of these civil tribunals ample redress is afforded for all private wrongs, whether to the person or the property of the citizen, without denial or unnecessary delay. They are open to all without regard to color or race. I feel well assured that it will be better to trust the rights, privileges, and immunities of the citizens to tribunals thus established and presided over by competent and impartial judges, bound by fixed rules of law and evidence, and when the right of trial by jury is guaranteed and secured, than to the caprice or judgment of an officer of the Bureau, who it is possible may be entirely ignorant of the principles that underlie the just administration of the law. There is danger, too, that conflict of jurisdiction will frequently arise between the civil courts and these military tribunals, each having concurrent jurisdiction over the person and cause of action; the one jurisdiction administered and controlled by civil law, the other by military. How is the conflict to be settled, and who is to determine between the two tribunals, when it arises? In my opinion it is wise to guard against such conflict by leaving to the courts and juries the protection of all civil rights and the redress of all civil grievances. The fact cannot be denied that since the actual cessation of hostilities many acts of violence, such, perhaps, as had never been witnessed in their previous history, have occurred in the States involved in the recent Rebellion. I believe, however, that public sentiment will sustain me in the assertion that such deeds of wrong are not confined to any particular State or section, but are manifested over the entire country, demonstrating that the cause that produced them does not depend upon any particular locality, but is the result of the agitation and derangement incident to a long and bloody war. While the prevalence of such disorders must be greatly deplored, their occasional and temporary recurrence would seem to furnish no necessity for the extension of the Bureau beyond the period fixed in the original act. Besides the objections I have thus briefly stated, I may urge upon your consideration the additional reason that recent developments in regard to the practical operations of the Bureau in many of the States show that in numerous instances it is used by its agents as a means of promoting their individual advantage, and that the Freedmen are employed for the advancement of the personal ends of the officers instead of their own improvement and welfare; thus confirming the fears originally entertained by many that the continuation of such a Bureau for any immediate length of time would inevitably result in fraud, corruption, and oppression. It is proper to state that in cases of this character investigations have been promptly ordered, and the offender punished whenever his guilt has been satisfactorily established.

As another reason against the necessity of the legislation contemplated by this measure, reference may be had to the Civil Rights Bill, now a law of the land, and which will be faithfully executed so long as it shall remain unrepealed, and not be declared unconstitutional by Courts of competent jurisdiction. By that act it is enacted, "That all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign Power, excluding Indians not taxed, are hereby declared to be citizens of the United States; and such citizens of every race and color, without any regard to any previous condition of slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall have the same right in every State and Territory in the United States, to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property, and to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as is enjoyed by the white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishments, pains, and penalties, and none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding." By the provisions of the act full protection is afforded through the District Courts of the United States to all persons injured, and whose privileges as thus declared are in any way impaired, and very heavy penalties are denounced against the person who wilfully violates the law. I need not state that that law did not receive my approval, yet its remedies are far more preferable than those proposed in the present bill, the one being civil and the other military.

By the sixth section of the bill, herewith returned, certain proceedings by which the lands in the Parishes of St. Helena and St. Luke, South Carolina, were sold and bid in, and afterward disposed of by the Tax Commissioners, are confirmed and ratified. By the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th sections provisions are made by law for the disposal of the lands thus acquired to a particular class of citizens.

While the granting of titles is deemed very important and desirable, the discrimination made in the bill seems objectionable, as does also the attempt to confer upon the Commissioners judicial powers by which citizens of the United States are to be deprived of their property in a mode contrary to that provision of the Constitution which declares that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. As a general principle such legislation is unsafe, unwise, partial, and unconstitutional. It may deprive persons of property who are equally deserving objects of the nation's bounty as those whom by this legislation Congress seeks to benefit. The title to the land thus to be proportioned out to a favored class of citizens must depend upon the regularity of the tax sales under the law as it existed at the time of the sale, and no subsequent legislation can give validity to the rights thus acquired as against the original claimant. The attention of Congress is therefore invited to a more mature consideration of the measures propoposed in these sections of the bill.

In conclusion I again urge upon Congress the danger of class legislation, so well calculated to keep the public mind in a state of uncertain expectation, disquiet, and restlessness, and to encourage interested hopes and fears that the National Government will continue to furnish to classes of citizens in the several States means for support and maintenance regardless as to whether they pursue a life of indolence or of labor, and regardless also of the constitutional limitations of the national authority in times of peace and tranquility.

The bill is herewith returned to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, for its final action.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16, 1866.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

To the Editor London Daily News:

SIR,—I am afraid I shall seem to be forever recurring to a worn-out and distasteful theme; but the change of feeling toward America which the conduct of the American Government in the matter of Fenianism has produced encourages me once more to mention in your columns the case of the *Alabama*. It is late, no doubt, but I trust not too late to pluck out of the bosom of the American nation this thorn, which will otherwise, I fear, long rankle there, and render impossible a cordial union between the two great communities of our race.

In his dispatch on the subject of the ravages committed by the *Shenandoah*, Mr. Seward, under the influence of a not unpardonable irritation, allowed himself to use language which could not be defended, and which lowered his own position. But, with this single exception, the American Government has done nothing to render difficult to us the path of international justice. On the contrary, it has done everything to render that path easy. It has disarmed unconditionally; and now, in spite of all that has been endured both in the way of loss and insult at our hands, it performs its international obligations to us, under trying circumstances, with a fidelity which all acknowledge.

What the Americans demand in the matter of the *Alabama* is a fair inquiry into a case in which they believe themselves to have suffered wrong, such an inquiry as honor need not refuse, as the most punctilious honor, on the contrary, would court for its own vindication. That there is a case for inquiry we can hardly deny. The illness of the Queen's advocate is pleaded by our Government as an excuse for its tardiness; and of course the excuse admits the fact.

The law officers of the crown would probably renew their objections. But the law officers of the crown have done their duty in advising the Government on the legal question. They ought not to put a legal vote on the promptings of national honor. Already the conduct of our Government in these matters has been guided too much by the technical arguments of lawyers, and too little by the wisdom of statesman.

Recent events in the diplomatic world have taught England her real weakness. Let them also teach her her real strength. The military despots of Europe, among whom we stand as a free nation almost unfriended, have their alliances, the artificial creatures of a selfish diplomacy, dark, hollow, and perfidious. We also, if we will only clear our hearts of baseness and unworthy prejudices, may have an alliance neither dark, nor perfidious, the bond of nature, not of diplomacy, with the great commonwealth of our race. To repress her rising and expanding greatness, the aim of a shallow and malignant party, is not in our power; it is in our power to share it, if we will only cultivate the affection which we have labored, but not yet with complete success, to kill in the hearts of our kinsmen. A fatal malady paralyzed the reconciling hand of Chatham. But what Chatham left undone true statesmen even now may do. The confederation of the Anglo-Saxon race is an object hard of achievement, no doubt, and there are some interests and passions among us which stand very much in its way; but, nevertheless, it is no dream.

I am, etc., GOLDWIN SMITH.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

WILLIAM L. MADDOCK & Co., dealers in fine groceries, No. 115 South Third Street (opposite the Girard Bank), Philadelphia.

A MATCH game of base ball will be played this afternoon, commencing at two o'clock, between the Shawanee Club, of Plymouth, and the Continental Club, of this place.

The July number of *Godey's Lady's Lady's Book* comes to us with its usual array of interesting articles. The fashion plates and patterns are characterized by their usual excellence.

E. W. WYNKOOP AND Co. will commence their next term of graded school on Third Street, July thirtieth. This school has been in operation for several years, and has proved very sucessful.

"OH! what a fall was there, my countrymen!" when honorable members of Congress, bank presidents, and other honorable gentlemen, in the venting of their private spleen against Mr. Clark, descended to begging for the appointment of a Democrat for Assessor of this district! These gentlemen beseeching for the appointment of a "Copperhead!" "Let me not think on't."

WHAT a "*fearful price*" the editor of the *Republican* offered for the retention of the Assessorship. He tendered to the President, without reserve, not only himself but his party. Was it shortsightedness in the President, or was it because he had not been accustomed to deal in such commodities, that he declined to purchase? or did some one, knowing the utter worthlessness of the goods offered, enlighten the President?

THE Model Letter-writer gave his readers, in the *Republican* of last week, a further specimen of his art. The effort of the second of March last demonstrated his incomparableness as a writer of private epistles. We publish in this number of our paper his public effort of last week. Our readers will be amused to see how exactly the letters of the second of March (private) and the one of July seventh (public) *do not* accord in tone and sentiment. Any little discrepancy between the two may be accounted for by reference to dates. On the second of March the writer *was* Assessor; on the seventh of July the writer *was not* Assessor.

THE *Galaxy* for July fifteenth has the following table of contents: "Archie Lovell," by Mrs. Edwards; "With a Volume of Old Sonnets," by Richard H. Stoddard; "About the Literary Spirit," by Eugene Benson; "The Leader of the House" (Thaddeus Stevens), by J. M. Binckley; "My Courtship (with an Illustration), by Anne M. Crane; "My Palaces," by William Winter; "Work and Rest," by Julius Wilcox; "Baden-Baden," by Charles Astor Bristed; "The Claverings," (with two illustrations), by Anthony Trollope; "In the Ranks at Cedar Creek," by James Franklin Pitts; "About Piazzas" (with an illustration), by Charles Wyllys Elliott; "Strawberry Hill," by James W. Wall; "Nebulæ," by the Editor. The *Galaxy* is published fortnightly at twenty-five cents a number; five dollars for the year (twenty-four numbers); thereo dollars for the half. year (twelve numbers). Address W. C. and F. P. Church, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

WE receive many complaints from our subscribers of the slowness of the mail delivery of their papers. Naturally anxious to remedy this complaint, and learning that the postmaster of this place had sent a portion of our mail matter in a different direction (as the letter we print below will show), we spoke to him of the fact, but instead of performing his duty by promising to remedy it, we were told in a very ungentlemanly manner that he did not believe our statement. The worthlessness of the object rendered it unnecessary for us to resort to more severe measures to impress upon him the importance of a Government official endeavoring to be a gentleman, even if his natural disposition would lead him the other way. We trust he will find in the subjoined letter sufficient *proof* of the truth of our complaint.

BUCKHORN, PA., July 17, 1866.

CAPTAIN G. H. MOORE:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry as to whether any package or packages of the COLUMBIAN for Philadelphia had been received at this office, I answer that two packages of different issues of said paper, plainly directed to Philadelphia, were on two separate occasions received here through the mail from Bloomsburg.

Very respectfully, yours, etc.,
WILLIAM H. SHOEMAKER,
Postmaster.

LETTER FROM HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, July 11, 1866.

SIR,—Excuse me for expressing surprise that you ask me whether I approve of the call of a proposed National Union Convention at Philadelphia.

After more than five years of dislocation by civil war, I regard a restoration of the unity of the country as its most immediate as well as its most vital interest. That restoration will be complete when loyal men are admitted as representatives of the loyal people of the eleven States so long unrepresented in Congress. Nothing but this can complete it. Nothing more remains to be done, and nothing more is necessary. Every day's delay is attended by multiplying and increasing inconveniences, embarrassments, and dangers, at home and abroad. Congress possesses the power exclusively; Congress, after a session of seven months, still omits to exercise that power. "What can be done to induce Congress to act?" This is the question of the day. Whatever is done must be in accordance with the Constitution and laws. It is in perfect accordance with the Constitution and laws that the people of the United States shall assemble, by delegates, in convention, and that when so assembled they shall address Congress by respectful petition and remonstrance, and that the people in their several States, Districts, and Territories shall approve, sanction, and unite in such respectful representations to Congress. No one party could do this effectually, or even seems willing to do it alone; no local or popular organization could do it effectually. It is the interest of all parties alike; of all the States, and of all the sections—a national interest; the interest of the whole people.

The convention, indeed, may not succeed in inducing Congress to act; but if they fail, the attempt can make matters no worse. It will be a lawful and patriotic attempt made in the right direction, an effort to be remembered with pride and satisfaction, whether it succeed or fail. The original Union of the States was brought about by movements of the same character. The citizen who objects to the convention is bound to propose a better plan of proceeding to effect the desired end. No other plan is offered or even thought of. Those who should oppose it would seem to me to manifest at best unconcern, if not opposition to all reconstruction, reorganization, restoration, and reconciliation between the alienated masses of the American people. To admit that the convention will fail would be to admit that the people of the United States are deficient in either the wisdom or the virtue necessary to continue the existence of the Republic. I believe no such thing. A great political writer says that government is a secular religion, and that the people of every country are divided into two classes, each maintaining a distinct political faith. The one class always fears the very worst that can possibly happen, and the other hopes under every circumstances the very best that can in any event happen.

Without accepting this theory as absolutely true, I think that all men do generally act from a motive to guard against public danger, or else from a positive desire to do good. Both classes may, therefore, favor the present attempt to restore the unity of the nation.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Hon. J. R. DOOLITTLE, Chairman Executive Committee.

THE burned district in Portland has been surveyed, and found to cover three hundred and twenty-seven acres.

THE Fenian President Roberts has been indicted in New York for violating the neutrality laws, and bailed in five thousand dollars.

THE Canadians propose to hold United States responsible for the late Fenian raid. Wonder if they would take a check on the St. Albans Banks!

A BILL of thirty thousand dollars has been presented to Secretary Harlan for apparatus for lighting the Capitol. The cost was originally estimated at five thousand dollars.

BORING at the Ballston oil well has now reached a fine sand-rock, at a depth of nearly six hundred and fifty feet. Last week the well overflowed with mineral water, said to be of excellent quality.

THE Montreal *Gazette*, recalling the fact that fourteen years ago Portland sent generous gifts to relieve sufferers by the great fire in Montreal, says: "Taught by our own misfortunes let us learn to succor the unfortunate, and the more so when we owe them a debt of gratitude." In response to this appeal handsome sums are being collected.

Market Report.

Wheat per bushel	$2 75
Rye "	1 20
Corn "	1 00
Flour per barrel	15 00
Cloverseed	7 00
Flaxseed	2 25
Butter	30
Eggs	20
Tallow	14
Potatoes	1 50
Dried Apples	3 00
Peaches	16
Hams	25
Sides and Shoulders	16
Lard per pound	25
Hay per ton	15 00

MARRIED.

At the parsonage in Catawissa, on the fifteenth instant, by Rev. S. C. Swallow, KERSEY CLEAVER of Centralia, to EMMA HOAGLAND, of Roaring Creek.

At the White Haven Hotel, on the twenty-ninth ultimo, by Rev. James M. Salmon, DANIEL P. LEACOCK to HENRIETTA BRACE, both of Wyoming, Luzerne County.

DIED.

In Bloomsburg, on the seventeenth instant, WARREN HERVEY, infant son of Michael F. and Eliza Y. Eyerly, aged 11 weeks and 2 days.

E. H. Little,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, in white frame house, below the Exchange Hotel.

Robert F. Clark,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office corner of Main and Market Streets, over First National Bank.

John G. Freeze,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House.

Wesley Wirt,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

C. R. Brockway,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, first door west of the Court House.

Charles G. Barkley,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

William H. Abbott,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.

M. E. Jackson,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Pa.

M. M. Traugh,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Near American Hotel.

M. M. L'Velle,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Centralia, Columbia County, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.—Estate of Reuben Hess, deceased. Letters of Administration having been granted to the subscriber upon the estate of Reuben Hess, late of Fishing Creek Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, all persons indebted to the same will make payment, and those having claims present them.

ALFRED T. CREVELING, Adm'r.
FISHING CREEK TOWNSHIP,
VAN CAMP P. O., June 11, 1866.

THE ONLY PLACE
to get the best
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
is at HUNGSBERGER'S,
a few doors below the American House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

He has the largest and most select of
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO
ever offered to the citizens of Bloomsburg. All the fancy brands of
SEGARS,
and the best Fine-cut and Plug
CHEWING TOBACCO,
can be had at his counters.
TOBACCO PIPES
in great variety are among his large stock.
DON'T FORGET TO CALL.
H. H. HUNSBERGER.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., on Saturday, the eleventh day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, Benjamin F. Hartman, Administrator, with the will annexed, of all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits, which were of James Dugan, late of Montour Township, in said county, deceased, will expose to sale, by public vendue, on the premises, a certain piece, parcel, or tract of land, situate in Montour Township, in the County of Columbia, adjoining lands of Cadwallader Roberts on the east, William Roberts on the north, George A. Willcis on the south, and Frick and Hurley on the west, containing sixty acres more or less, whereon are erected a frame dwelling-house, and barn and other outbuildings. Late the estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Montour and county aforesaid. JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk.

Bloomsburg, July 17, 1866.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. of one fourth of purchase money, to be paid on striking down of the property, one fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation *nisi*, and the balance from confirmation *nisi*. Purchasers to pay for deed and stamps.

B. F. HARTMAN, Administrator.

LETTING.—SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Board of School Directors of Scott Township, at Charles S. Fowler's office, at Espy, on SATURDAY, JULY FOURTEENTH, 1866, between the hours of two and four o'clock, for the building of a new Two-Story Frame School-House, 62x46 feet, stories 11 feet each. Plan and specifications will be exhibited at the place and time of letting.

JACOB TERWILLIGER, Pres't.
PETER ENT, Sec'y.
Scott Township, June 27, 1866.

IN THE ESTATE OF SAMUEL SHULTZ, DECEASED.—The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Joseph H. Shultz; Andrew Shultz; Samuel B. Shultz; Elisha Shultz; Nancy, intermarried with Gearhart Kile; Sarah, intermarried with Joseph Reitain; Naamah, intermarried with Samuel White; Mary Ann, intermarried with Samuel H. York; Lucinda Shultz; Joseph Oscar Shultz; Mary Ellen Shultz; Harriet Shultz; Thomas Shultz; Zephaniah Shultz; and Albert A. Smith. You and each of you are hereby cited and commanded to be and appear, in your proper persons, at an Orphan's Court, to be holden at Bloomsburg, in and for the said county, the first Monday of September next, then and there to answer the bill or petition of Samuel B. Shultz, administrator of Samuel Shultz, late of Benton Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, praying the Court to decree the specific performance of contract between said Samuel Shultz, deceased, and Elisha Shultz and Joseph H. Shultz, according to the true intent and meaning thereof, or show cause why the specific performance of said contract should not be decreed.

Witness the Honorable William Elwell, President of our said Court, at Bloomsburg, the eleventh day of May, A.D. 1866.

JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk O. C.
BLOOMSBURG, June 7, 1866.

MILLER'S STORE.
FRESH ARRIVAL OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

The subscriber has just returned from the cities with another large and select assortment of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
purchased in New York and Philadelphia at the lowest figure, and which he is determined to sell on as moderate terms as can be procured elsewhere in Bloomsburg. His stock comprises
LADIES' DRESS GOODS
of the choicest styles and latest fashions, together with a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, consisting of the following articles:

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Shawls,
Flannels,
Silks,
White Goods,
Linens,
Hoop Skirts,
Muslins,
Hollowware,
Cedarware
Queensware, Hardware,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Hoop Nets,
Umbrellas,
Looking-Glasses,
Tobacco,
Coffee,
Sugars,
Teas,
Rice,
Allspice,
Ginger,
Cinnamon,
Nutmegs,

AND NOTIONS GENERALLY.

In short, everything usually kept in country stores, to which he invites the attention of the public generally. The highest price will be paid for country produce in exchange for goods.

S. H. MILLER,
Arcade Buildings, Bloomsburg, Pa.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,
Successors to Stroup & Brother,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH,
No. 24 North Wharves, and 25 North Water St.,
Philadelphia.

HENRY GIGER
has opened a first-class
BOOT, SHOE, HAT AND CAP STORE,
at his old stand on Main Street, Bloomsburg. His stock is composed of the very latest and best styles ever offered to the citizens of Columbia County. He can accommodate the public with the following kinds and prices:

Men's calf boots, fine	$5 00 to 9 00
" kip, double sole	3 75 to 5 75
Boys' child's boots	1 75 to 4 75
Men's glove kid, Congress, &c	2 50 to 5 75
" Balmoral shoes	1 00 to 3 00
Men's, women's boys', and misses' glove kid lasting gaiters	1 75 to 5 75
Women's glove kids, very fine	3 25 to 5 75
" fine goat morocco balmorals	2 25 to 4 00
" men's morocco and calf shoes	1 75 to 2 50
" common shoes	1 50 to 2 50
Misses' and child's shoes	0 25 to 1 00
Men's, women's, misses', boys', and child's slippers	0 25 to 1 00

He also keeps a great variety of
HATS, CAPS, AND STRAW GOODS
of every kind, at the lowest prices, both for cash and country produce.

Remember the attraction is in our goods. Don't be alarmed at the cry of high prices, but call and see for yourselves. Respectfully,

HENRY GIGER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
TERMS.

One copy one year	$4 00
One copy for three months	1 00

And an extra copy will be allowed for every club of five subscribers, at $4 00 each, or six copies for $20 00. Payment invariably in advance.

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	1 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—One dollar and fifty cents per line for inside, two dollars per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHER, Publishers.

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IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
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IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
in large quantities and at reduced rates, always on hand.

PUBLIC SALE OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., on Saturday, the 23d day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Philip Foust, administrator of Daniel Krum, late of Cooper Township, Montour County, deceased, will expose to sale, by public vendue, at the house of Emanuel Lazarus, in Montour Township, a certain tract of land, situate in Montour Township, Columbia County, adjoining lands of Emanuel Lazarus on the east, the River Susquehanna on the south, and the line dividing the Counties of Columbia and Montour on the north, containing eighty-two acres and sixty-six perches neat measure, about twenty acres of which is improved or cleared land. Late the estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Montour and county aforesaid. JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk.

BLOOMSBURG, May 25, 1866.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

Twenty-five per cent. of the purchase money to be paid by the purchaser to the administrator on the day of sale; the residue of the purchase money to be paid in one year from the confirmation *ni. si.*, with interest from the confirmation. The purchaser to pay for deed and stamps.

PHILIP FOUST, Administrator.

May 25, 1866.

ADJOURNED SALE.

The sale of the above described real estate adjourned until Saturday, the 28th day of July, 1866.

PHILIP FOUST, Administrator.

LIFE INSURANCE.

If you wish to live long and die happy, go without delay and
INSURE YOUR LIFE
in the best Company in the world,
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
ITS CASH ASSETS ARE $15,000,000,
and its annual dividend for the fiscal year of 1865 amounts to seventy-five per cent. on all participating premiums, being the largest dividend ever declared by any company for the same length of time. For further information apply to

P. S. RISHEL, Agent,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

ESTATE OF JOHN SANKEY, SR., DECEASED.—To Jacob Sankey; Samuel Sankey; John Sankey; Cyrus Sankey; James W. Sankey; Mary Ann Sankey, intermarried with Aaron Wolf; Lydia Sankey, intermarried with James G. Fritz; Susan Reighard; and Mary Catharine Reighard; the last two named are minors of Polly Sankey, late Polly Reighard, deceased, heirs and legal representatives of John Sankey, Sr., deceased. You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, at an Orphans' Court to be held at Bloomsburg, in said county, the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of the said John Sankey, Sr., deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by said the Court, and returned by the Sheriff, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Witness the Honorable William Elwell, President of our said Court, at Bloomsburg, the tenth day of May, A.D. 1866.

JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk O. C.

BLOOMSBURG, June 7, 1866.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH HAYHURST, DECEASED.—To Mary, intermarried with David Brobst; Susan, intermarried with George Stricker; Ellen, intermarried with Cyrus B. Appleman; Barakel, Elizabeth, and Benajah, lineal descendents of Joseph Hayhurst, late of Orange Township, in said County of Columbia, deceased, and all other persons interested. You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, to be held at Bloomsburg, in said county, on the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of the said Joseph Hayhurst, deceased, situate in Orange Township, Columbia County, at the appraised value put upon it by an inquest, duly awarded by the Court and returned by the Sheriff, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Witness the Honorable William Elwell, President of our said Court, at Bloomsburg, May tenth A.D. 1866. JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk O. C.

BLOOMSBURG, June 7, 1866.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Please take notice that I, Ira Roadarmel, of Centreville, Columbia County, having bought the following list of property from Peter Hower, do declare that it is my intention to lend the same to the said Hower, to wit: four beds; one dozen chairs; one lot of dishes; one cupboard; one bureau; twenty yards of carpet; one cooking stove; one parlor stove; one two-horse wagon; one two-horse carriage; one double set of harness; one single set of harness; two tables; two pigs. IRA ROADARMEL.

THE GALAXY,
A FORTNIGHTLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE GALAXY is published fortnightly, on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has the advantage of coming to the reader intermediately between the monthlies and the weeklies.

With the second number the Magazine was enlarged by sixteen pages, making it to contain ninety-six pages of matter.

ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

THE GALAXY will be an original American Magazine of the highest class. Arrangements have accordingly been made for regular contributions from the best known and most meritorious writers in the country; and moreover, the Editor will always seek to elicit and encourage contributions from new authors of real ability or decided genius. The articles in THE GALAXY will be signed with the names of their authors, who will be allowed a wide freedom in the expression of opinions.

The first and second numbers of THE GALAXY, for May first and fifteenth, 1866, contain contributions from John Esten Cooke, Frances Power Cobbe, Rose Terry, George Alfred Townsend, Edmund C. Stedman, the Author of "Emily Chester," Professor Pierre Blot, Dr. W. H. Draper, Stillman S. Conant, General Cluseret, and others. "The Claverings," by Anthony Trollope, and "Archie Lovell," by Mrs. Edwards, were commenced in the first number of THE GALAXY, and will continue to be published serially simultaneously with their appearance in England. The back numbers of the Magazine containing these stories may always be obtained from a newsdealer or from the proprietors.

PROFESSOR BLOT ON COOKERY.

In the second number of THE GALAXY was commenced a series of articles on Cookery, by Professor Pierre Blot, the well-known teacher of the art. These articles will be made of great practical value to every family. Beside many easily remembered directions of essential importance, they will contain receipts and practical suggestions which must secure for them thousands of readers.

TERMS.

The price of THE GALAXY is 25 cents a number; $5 for the year of twenty-four numbers; $3 for six months—twelve numbers. The volumes for the year will include 2,500 octavo pages, illustrated by twenty-five or more full-page engravings, printed on tinted paper; beside innumerable smaller illustrations, scattered through the text. THE GALAXY may be ordered at the rate of twenty-five cents a number for any length of time desired.

Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address

W. C. & F. P. CHURCH, Proprietors,
39 Park Row, New York.

OUR JULY VOLUME.
NEW SUBSCRIBERS WANTED AT A PREMIUM.

It will be borne in mind that we begin a new semi-annual volume of the Cultivator and Country Gentleman with the first of July. The interest taken in extending our circulation during the present season, to which we owe the fact that it is now about one third larger than last year, encourages us to present some extra inducements for new subscribers, trusting, although Summer is also favorable time than Autumn or Winter for procuring large lists, that these offers may nevertheless lead to a very considerable addition. We still have a limited number of complete sets from January first, so that new subscribers can be supplied from that date if desired; but unless so expressly ordered, subscriptions will be considered as for one year from the first of July. It will be remembered that our terms are: for one year, strictly in advance, each copy, $2 50; for six months, $1 25. We will send by mail postpaid.

Address all letters of inquiry or remittances, in all cases, to LUTHER TUCKER & SON,
Albany, N. Y.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
TERMS.

One copy for one year, $4 00. An extra copy, gratis, for every Club of five subscribers, at $4 00 each, or six copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

CIRCULATION 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $2 50 per line for less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an
OMNIBUS LINE
between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.

Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accomodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.

JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County witnessed the trial of hay forks on the farm of Mr. Pursel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 7, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork manufactured by SLIFER, WALLS, SHRINER & Co., of Lewisburg, Pa., and the Randel's Patent Hay Hook. The American Fork lifted more hay in one draught than the Randel in three. We are satisfied it will take us nine h hay into the mow as two good horses can draw. We also saw it cutting hay, and think it cannot be beat as a hay knife, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and knife we have ever seen.

C. HUTTENBESSER, DR. F. C. HARRISON,
W. R. KOONS, JOHN DOAK,
JOHN DIETERICK, DANIEL NOYER,
R. DIEHLEMILLER, SYLVESTER PURSEL,
MICHAEL HELLER, JOHN WOLF.

They also manufacture the celebrated Buckeye Reaper and Mower, and other agricultural implements.

FORK'S HOTEL,
GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accomodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*Mellenry*"), purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS &c.,
Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.
Fresh arrival of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
DAVID LOWENBERG
invites attention to his stock of
CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,
at his store on
Main Street, two doors above the American House, Bloomsburg, Pa.,
where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of
MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
including the most fashionable, durable, and handsome
DRESS GOODS,
consisting of
BOX, SACK, FROCK, GUM, AND OIL-CLOTH
COATS AND PANTS,
of all sorts, sizes, and colors. He has also replenished his already large stock of
FALL AND WINTER SHAWLS,
STRIPED, FIGURED, AND PLAIN VESTS,
SHIRTS, CRAVATS, STOCKS, COLLARS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,
SUSPENDERS, AND FANCY ARTICLES,
He has constantly on hand a large and well-selected assortment of
CLOTHS AND VESTINGS,
which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear, and most of it is of home manufacture.
GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
of every description, fine and cheap. His case of jewelry is not surpassed in this place. Call and examine his general assortment of
CLOTHING, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.
DAVID LOWENBURG.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER,
the successors of
WILLIAM SLOAN & SON,
continue the business of making
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
and every style of
FANCY WAGONS,
which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best and employing the most experienced workmen, they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.—The undersigned has just arrived from the City with a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Dye Stuffs, Ready-Made Clothing, Perfumery, Toy and Fancy Articles, Druggist's Glassware, Brushes, Trusses and Supporters, and a general assortment of everything that belongs to a well-appointed Drug Store. Also Patent Medicines of all kinds, such as Jayne's, Ayer's, Wishart's, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Brown's Troches, Swain's Panacea, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Hoofland's Bitters constantly on hand. Also
MOROCCO LEATHER, KID, FRENCH MOROCCO, FRENCH CALFSKINS, PINK
TRIMMINGS, BINDINGS,
by the dozen or half-dozen. Also
SHOE-FINDINGS, FISHING-TACKLE, &c.
Having had a large experience in the drug business, I would respectfully invite those wishing anything in that line to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. "In medicines quality is of the first importance."
JOHN R. MOYER.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.
Owing to the late fall in gold,
EPHRAIM W. ELWELL
has reduced his prices to suit all buyers, either at wholesale or retail. If you want
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, SPICES,
CRACKERS, CANNED FRUIT, DRIED
FRUIT, WOODENWARE, FISH,
BEANS, CHEESE, FLOUR,
FEED, &c., &c. &c.,
give me a call. EPHRAIM W. ELWELL.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting on his part to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibusses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CASLOW.

Bloomsburg, March 22, 1866.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL,
Catawissa, Pa.

The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY J. CLARK, and has been thoroughly remodelled, repaired, and refurnished. It will be found now, in its arrangement and appointments, a first-class Hotel, and second to none in the country. Persons in cities wishing to spend the hot months in the country, will do well to give the proprietor a call.

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.
H. H. STOHNER
has always on hand and for sale
FRESH BREAD, CAKES, AND PIES,
FRENCH AND DOMESTIC CONFECTIONS
in every style and variety,
NUTS, FRUITS,
and everything usually found in a
FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY STORE.
Having recently fitted up a new and elegant
ICE-CREAM AND EATING SALOON,
he is prepared to accomodate ladies and gentlemen in the best style.

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, PERFUMERY
AND TOILET ARTICLES.
EYER & MOYER
respectfully invite a continuance of patronage. Their Drugs and Medicines are all selected with the greatest care, avoiding as much as possible the introduction of deleterious nostrums, and are purchased from the best importing houses in the country.
PATENT MEDICINES
of all kinds, including Ayer's, Jayne's, Holloway's, Hostetter's, Wishart's, Hoofland's, &c. constantly on hand.
COAL OIL AND ALCOHOL.
HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, AND
CLOTHES BRUSHES
PAINTS AND CHEMICALS
of every variety, and of the best quality.
FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.
The public may rely at all times on procuring the above articles, with all the new useful preparations kept in the best conducted establishments.
PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS
and Family Receipts compounded with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The subscriber, proprietor of the above-named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of
MACHINERY FOR COLLIERIES, BLAST
FURNACES, STATIONARY ENGINES,
MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c
He is also prepared to make Stoves of all sizes and patterns, Plow-irons, and everything usually made in first-class Foundries.
His extensive facilities and practical workmen warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.
Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for Castings.
This establishment is located near the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.
PETER BILLMYER.

BLOOMSBURG FANCY TRIMMING AND BOOKSTORE,
second door below Hartman's, Main Street.
Just received a new stock of
ZEPHYRS, WOOLEN AND COTTON YARNS
CORSETS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES,
MUSLIN EDGINGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS
and every variety of articles usually kept in a
FANCY STORE.
Also
SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS,
and a large lot of
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
ACCOUNT AND MEMORANDUM BOOKS,
BLANK DEEDS, BONDS AND MORTGAGES,
and a general and well-selected assortment of
PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c.
A. D. WEBB.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
Estate of William Robison, deceased.
THREE VALUABLE BUSINESS STANDS,
on Main Street, Bloomsburg, adjoining the Court House, and nearly opposite the Exchange Hotel.
TWO SMALL HOUSES AND LOTS,
on Ridge Alley, known as the "Spring Lots."
ONE HOUSE AND LOT
on Rock Street. Also
TIMBER LAND,
in Jay Township, Elk County,
ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED ACRES,
well timbered with white-pine and hemlock—good farming land. The above property will be offered at
PRIVATE SALE
until the fifteenth of August next, on which day, if not sold, it will be offered at
PUBLIC SALE,
on the premises, near the Court House, at ten o'clock A.M.
Apply to the subscribers, or to Miss ISABELLA ROBISON, Blo

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

THERE'S music in the Autumn wind,
Around the dripping eaves,
And where its pinions stop to play
Among the fallen leaves.
There's music in the river's flow
Along the pebbly shore,
When all the winds have gone to sleep,
And boughs have swayed no more.

There's music in the cricket's song
I hear through evening shade,
And in the low of distant herds
Returning from the glade.
There's music in the household tones
That greet the sad or gay,
And in the laugh of innocence
Rejoicing in its play.

But there's music sweeter far
In memory than this—
The music of my mother's voice,
Now in the land of bliss.
A music time may never still;
I hear it in my dreams,
When all the fondness of her face
Once more upon me beams.

I know not what the angels hear
In mansions in the skies,
But there is not a sound on earth
Like mother's gentle voice.
The tears are in my clouded eye,
And sadness in my brain,
As Nature whispers in my heart,
She will not come again.

A mother! oh, when she departs
Her like is never known;
The records of affection speak
Of only, only one!
And brighter will that record grow
Through all the changing years,
The oftener to the lip is pressed
The cup of Sorrow's tears.

AGRICULTURAL.

Potatoes.

POTATOES may be planted as late as July. To insure quick growth open a good furrow, and plant while the ground is yet fresh, covering lightly with soil, and then filling the furrow with a mulch of any kind of strawy manure, or even straw itself, or leaves. This will protect the crop from the severe heat of the sun, prevent rapid evaporation, and thus secure, what the potato especially needs, a cool and moist soil. Before putting in the litter a dressing of superphosphate, or other good fertilizer, should be thrown in the drill. A mixture of four bushels of leached ashes, one of plaster, and one gallon of salt makes a good dressing in the absence of other fertilizers; put in the drill at the rate of about ten bushels to the acre.

Buckwheat.

THIS is a crop not grown largely anywhere, but deserving, perhaps, more attention than it usually gets in the Middle and Southern States. No family should be without a supply of buckwheat flour among their Winter stores, for no bread compares with good buckwheat cakes for a Winter's breakfast. It is equal, if not superior, to oats in feeding qualities for stock; it is grown easily, and at little cost for manure, on ordinary land; and has the advantage that a crop may be made very late in the season, interfering very little with the busier times of the farm. It should not be sown earlier than the middle of this month, and a half-bushel of seed to the acre is enough. It is said to be good for soiling milch cows in the month of August, when in bloom.

Squashes.

HOE until the vines get so large as to interfere, then do not disturb them, but allow them to take root. Look under the leaves early in the morning for the black bug, and destroy it, and crush any eggs that may be found. The spotted *Galeruca*, an insect shaped like a lady-bug, but yellow, with black spots, is very destructive to the leaves. They must be caught very early in the morning, as they fly when it is warm. The borer is a great pest in many localities; usually its presence is not known until the whole vine wilts. The grub enters near the root, and if a hole is found, carefully split the vine with a knife, and take him out. Cover the wound with earth, if practicable, otherwise bind it up.

Hoed Crops.

IF we were directing the preparation of the soil for corn, potatoes, and other root crops we might say that a lack of manure could not be made good by subsequent treatment; but nevertheless we will say now that it is also true that frequent and thorough tillage will do as much for these crops as manure, though in a different way. It will defend against drouths; it will let the air into the earth, with moisture; and it will promote the disintegration and decomposition, thus affording the plants a fuller benefit of the manure and fertility of the soil.

Ruta Baga.

THOROUGH preparation should be made as early as possible now for this valuable root crop. If sod ground has already been turned, it should have soon another ploughing, which, with the necessary hoe-work in preparing drills, will give it a very sufficient working. It must be well manured with some good super-phosphate, unless it has been otherwise fertilized, and the seed sown at any time, after the middle of the month, that the ground may be moist.

Millet.

IF there be occasion to add to the Winter store of good hay, it may be done by sowing the common millet, or that variety of it known as Hungarian grass. If there be moisture enough to make it germinate quickly it makes a rapid growth, and will come off the ground by the first of October. It must be well manured, and on thoroughly prepared ground, to make a good crop. A light, rich loam suits it best.

Asparagus.

Now that cutting has ceased, encourage as much growth as possible to repair the loss. A dressing of manure will not come amiss, and weeds should be kept from the bed until the tops shade it. If the larvæ of the beetle appear—small, black, leech-like bodies—cut all infested branches and burn them.

Beans.

LIMAS are usually allowed to run too high. Most vines will go to the end of their support before they begin to bear, and the Lima bean may be made to fruit earlier by only allowing it to run as high as one can reach. Salted string beans are very good in Winter, and a planting made now will give a supply.

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

Thanksgiving To-morrow.

A LITTLE match-girl stood at the corner of a public street. It was a wild night, and her fingers were stiff with cold. While, with her mute gaze fixed upon the passers-by, she kept her stand uncomplainingly, the blue lights from a druggist's window fell upon her meek face, making it deathly in its whiteness.

"Any matches, sir?" she murmured again and again, in a weak, hopeless voice, for faith she had none; her experience was too beggarly for that; she had seen and known little of human benevolence in her short life. She had tasted food only once that day, but she was used to hunger; therefore she looked vaguely at the huge quarters of beef, and legs of bacon, and poultry of every description, and long rows of red and yellow apples in the butcher's shop, through the great glass window, and only murmured, "I wonder what God made Thanksgiving Day for? I shall have no Thanksgiving, but instead, hard blows and cruel words, because I haven't sold my matches." So she blew her red fingers, and lifting her basket, moved reluctantly toward home with her eyes full of tears that fell cold upon her cheek. And when she had entered that loathsome abode, the child heard drunken shouts, and wild laughter, and the hoarse tones of blasphemy. She grew frightened and shrank away in a corner, to forget life in sleep—to awaken on a cheerless morning and face the driving snow-storm that she might sell her matches, or bear the blows and reproaches of a heartless mother. And such was that poor child's Thanksgiving Day!

"Will we have Thanksgiving to-morrow?" asked a sunny-haired boy, pressing close to his mother's side. The artless question had a strange effect, for it seemed as if the woman's heart would break, so violent was her emotion.

"My God! help me to drink this bitter cup," was her stifled exclamation, and then she turned to the boy and said—"no, my love, we cannot have a feast to-morrow, as we did last year."

"But won't father have Thanksgiving Day in Heaven?" queried the child; "won't he like it if we have Thanksgiving here?"

"There is much depth in the seeming simplicity of the dear boy's remark," murmured an aged man, "if we could but bring it to bear upon our poor hearts in this season of affliction. If we could penetrate the unseen only for a moment, and behold that blessed spirit revelling in the brightness and splendor of Heaven, we should surely deem his death, or rather his new birth, fitting subject for Thanksgiving."

But the old man spoke from the calm experience of age, and a grounded religious faith. The widow only felt that her idol was gone; that the seat was vacant by her side; that the world was blank—blank without him. And morning found her bending yearningly above his marble brow, praying in agony that he would speak to her once, only once again, that he would murmur her name as of yore only once, only once; but the passionless dead knew her not. And so by the side of her early love, now shrouded for the grave, passed she her Thanksgiving Day.

"Heap up the coals; heap them upon the glowing hearth, and let us enjoy this cheery blaze. You, my son, draw forward the centre-table and the sofa; you, daughter, unloop the curtains and light the lamps. How wildly the wind blows; God help the poor to-night!" And in the ruddy red of the leaping flames, with splendor on every side, sat the rich man upon a couch of velvet. Five or six beautiful children were clustered around him; a harp rested in one corner, its gilded frame brilliant in the strong glare of the fire-light; a pianoforte stood open with many a smooth sheet of music scattered upon its costly cover; everything spoke of elegance, of comfort.

Across the entry the wide kitchen, luxurious almost as a parlor, resounded with merriment. Happy children, with bird-claws in their hands, were pulling the ligaments, and shouting heartily when the lank toes moved as if endowed with life. On the wide dresser lay the turkeys and other fowl all ready for the fire, and stout arms were busy here and there, with mixing, and pounding, and shortening, and sweetening, for puddings and sauces and delicate condiments that were in preparation for the morrow's festival. Row after row of mince and apple, custard and pumpkin pies filled the great pantry, and numberless little pies of almost fairy proportions were ready for the merry-making of the children.

A black-eyed boy moved uneasily up and down before the files of sweetmeats. First he inspected one thing, then another, and finally pushing a plump little fowl aside, he bounded into the parlor and modestly asked his father if he might have one, only one little turkey.

"I have given several away already," said the benevolent man; "I hardly think I can spare another." But the boy pleaded so eloquently that finally his father consented, and with sparkling eyes he ran back to the kitchen. The little fellow had one confidant at school, and he had told him in secrecy that they were to have no Thanksgiving, for since his father died, many years ago, they had been poor, poorer than any one thought.

So as the child whispered his mission to his mother she smilingly assented, and delighted with the spirit of her boy, sent a basket full of luxuries in his name to the son of the widow who was too proud to crave assistance.

There was but a dim light on the hearth of the scantily-furnished room, and the widow sat bending and sewing, while her son plied his books by a faint candle-light. A knock at the door, and then it was hastily opened, and a great covered basket thrust in.

The boy sprang toward it. "For me!" he exclaimed, as he opened a little note and read:

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS,—I send you this as a little present; do accept it. HENRY.

And as the turkey, and the pies, and the nice cake were pulled forth by the eager hands of the child, the poor widow was almost overcome with gratitude; for a faint voice exclaimed with every accession, "Oh! how beautiful! oh! how good! mother, we *will* have Thanksgiving to-morrow;" and a pale, sick face gleamed in the subdued light of the little room, the face of a poor, frail, consumptive child, to whom these delicacies seemed above all price.

And so to many came great sorrow; with many more, chilling poverty was the only guest; and some were right merry, thankful, and happy on that Thanksgiving Day.

WIT AND HUMOR.

WASTE PAPER—Diplomatic notes.

THE right man in the right place is a husband at home in the evening.

AN old farmer in Pennsylvania, when told that he possessed oil lands, made light of it.

PUNCH'S caution to ladies: A silk dress should never be sat-in. A *standing* joke, not original with *Punch*.

QUIBBLE says, what the Southern States now want is representation in Congress—not mis-representation.

"THERE is a divinity that shapes our ends," as a pig remarked when contemplating the kink in his tail.

WHY should there be no free seats in a church? Because you ought not to be made *good for nothing*.

"HOW does that look?" said Mr. Cramp, holding out his brawny hand. "That," interposed Amos, "looks as if you were out of soap."

WHAT is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? One harms the cheese and the other charms the he's.

"I STAND upon the soil of freedom," cried a stump orator. "No," cried his shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of shoes that have never been paid for."

A LAWYER engaged in a case, tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

"BILL," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow?" "Cause one of the sneaking, plaguey things grew near our school-house, and supplied the master with switches."

AFTER rolling all night in your berth at sea till you are miserably sick, to have a steward open your door in the morning and ask you if you'll have a *fresh* roll for breakfast, is certainly very irritating.

STRONG and sharp as our wit may be it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not the strength of mind to forgive is by no means weak enough to forget; and it is much easier to do a cruel thing than to say a severe one.

A NEGRO woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things she said she had been in Heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her: "Sister, did you see any black folks in Heaven?" "Oh! get out! you s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

ONE of the most truly contented expressions I ever heard was that which fell from the lips of a dying minister. He was asked whether he wished to recover or not. He replied: "Really, my friend, I do not care which. If I die, I shall be with God; if I live, God will be with me."

"MASTER," said the clown of a circus, "what is the difference between occupation and business?" "Difference? there is none." "O, yes, there is. I'll give you an instance: Maximilian's taken possession of Mexico is an occupation, isn't it? "Yes." "Well, he hasn't any business there, has he?"

AT a fancy dress ball in Paris recently, a lady was seen with a very low-bodied dress while floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, monsieur." "At low tide, then, madam." The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

A MAN painting the cornice of a house in Hartford a few days since fell from the ladder, and it was supposed that he was badly hurt. Immediately after the fall a young man ran to the store to inform the painter of the misfortune that had overtaken his workman. The "boss" listened to the telling description of the fall, and with the ruling passion still strong in him asked, anxiously, "*Did he spill the paint?*"

IN the height of musquito time the little rascals practise their songs nightly to the annoyance of every one. When a little girl, Ettie, about five years old, was being put to bed, her mother said to her: "Ettie, you must always be a good girl, and then at night, when you are asleep, the angels will come and sing, and watch around your bed." "Oh, yes, ma," said Ettie, "I know that; I heard them singing all around my head last night, and some of them bit me, too."

HAPPY DREAM.—A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass in the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was at home alone. After settling the merits of the weather, the girl said, looking slyly into his face: "I dreamed of you last night." "Did you? why—now?" "Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me." "Why, now! what did you dream your mother said?" "Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home." A light dawned on the youth's intellect, a singular sound broke the stillness, and in less than four months they were married.

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GOING NORTH.—Elmira Mail at 4 P.M.; Erie Express at 2:48 A.M.
GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 4:40 P.M.
GEORGE WEBB, Supt.

LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD.
On and after March 11, 1866, Passenger Trains will run as follows:
SOUTHWARD.—Leave Scranton at 3:40 P.M. and 5:30 A.M.; Kingston at 6 P.M. and 6:55 A.M.; Bloomsburg at 8:30 P.M. and 8:20 A.M. Arrive at Northumberland at 8:50 P.M. and 8:45 A.M.
NORTHWARD.—Leave Northumberland at 7 A.M. and 5 P.M.; Bloomsburg at 8:25 A.M. and 6:25 P.M.; Scranton at 11:05 A.M. and 9 P.M. Arrive at Scranton at 12:30 A.M. and 10:15 P.M.
H. A. FONDA, Supt.
Kingston, March 15, 1866.

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Express Mail	6:30 A.M.	9: A.M.
Fast Line	7:00 A.M.	12:00 P.M.
Pittsburg and Erie Ex.	4:30 P.M.	7:20 P.M.
Pittsburg and Elmira Ex.	7:40 P.M.	9:45 P.M.

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Time of Passenger Trains at Northumberland:
LEAVE EASTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 12:55 P.M.; Erie Express Train, 3:25 A.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 10:35 A.M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 5 A.M.; Erie Express Train, 7:14 P.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 4:50 P.M.
Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.
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General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
H. W. GWINNER,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
A. J. CASSATT,
General Superintendent, Williamsport.
March 22, 1866.

READING RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
April 23, 1866.
Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3, 7:30, and 9:05 A.M., and 2 and 9:30 P.M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 5:40 and 10:20 A.M., and 4:30 and 12:30 P.M. Sleeping cars accompany the 3 A.M. and 9:30 P.M. trains, without change.
Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 7:40 A.M., and 4:00 P.M., stopping at Lebanon and Principal Way Stations, the 9:30 P.M. train making no close connections for Reading or Philadelphia. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven, and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 7:45 P.M.
Returning, leave New York at 9 A.M., 12 M., and 8:30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.; Reading at 7:30 A.M. and 2:15 P.M.; Ashland at 6 and 11:15 A.M., and 1:20 P.M.; Tamaqua at 9:15 A.M. and 1 and 8:05 P.M.
Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, at 7 A.M.
Reading Accommodation Train leaves Reading at 6 A.M., returning from Philadelphia at 5 P.M.
Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 6:30 and 10:15 A.M. for Ephrata, Lititz, Columbia, &c., &c.
The Sunday's leave New York at 8:30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 4:15 P.M.; the 8 A.M. train running only to Reading; Pottsville at 4:15 P.M.; Tamaqua at 7:30 A.M.; Harrisburg at 10:55 A.M.; and Reading at 4:30 A.M. for Harrisburg, and 10:55 A.M. for New York, and 4:35 P.M. for Philadelphia.
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JOHN C. WOLL, Gen. Supt.
Reading, Pa., April 23, 1866.

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